



ASHMEDIA

OVERLORD OF LUST



SHORT STORIES ON THE OVERLORDS
OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



“You’ve got mail!”

After an exhaustive series of battles, it wasn’t the kind of thing I wanted to hear from my Devil Phone after finally returning to my room.

“Why don’t you just go ahead and delete that for me?”

“Huh? B-But it’s a message for you!”

“Let me guess. It’s my aunt, right? Just do it.”

Every. Single. Time. She messages me every single time I go out into battle.

Letting out a sigh, I take my clothes off—all of them—and head straight for the showers. The hot water trickles down from my head to my toes, and everywhere in between as I breathe out deeply, “Mmm, it’s so hot.”

The irritation that had slowly built up in me from not being able to bathe all those days dissipates with the hot steam. The dust, dirt, sweat, and the blood splattered onto me by my cute, winged friends melts from my body and blends into a puddle at my feet. The sensation it brings me is wonderfully intoxicating.

I close my eyes, reminiscing on the battles I engaged in as if they were only yesterday.

The fleeting melody of sensual, agonized screams coupled with the raw stench of steel and oil—it’s tantalizing.

“Those screams were so beautifully mesmerizing.”

Recalling the sight of God’s “blessed beings” spilling their dirty entrails to the tune of their screams and curses of despair sends a tingle down my spine, and swells the heat inside of me.

“Ah. Is there anything better?”

The thought makes my skin crawl with sweet ecstasy!



I enjoy the sweet aftertaste of each battle until there's nothing left to enjoy. And I do so while donning a soft and fluffy bathrobe, with a glass of wine balanced in my hand. This is the way that I spend time, to enjoy life to its fullest. At least, that's what I want to do.

"Y-Y-Y-Your message..."

It's such a pest. Why should I listen to a message that I've heard a thousand times before?

(What a chore...)

"Ashmedia, it's me. Haven't you done enough already? You should leave your post as Overlord and come home now. Don't you remember all those beautiful dresses, or those expensive jewels that I bought for you, while your parents were out fooling around? I'll do your hair up, and make your skin nice and soft so that you can make your debut

for classier courtship, and live a life without worries. Why go on with such a barbaric and debauched lifestyle like you're living now? I don't understand."

"Of course you wouldn't understand, Auntie."

The lifestyle that she so adores is something deathly tiring and boring to me. Telling her how I feel wouldn't get me anywhere, so she'll never hear my true thoughts, ever.

I continue to savor the exquisite wine that I've saved for lonely days like this one. The wine rolls down my throat, tantalizing my body as it descends further down. Mmm, I can feel my body slowly heating up again.

"You have a call!"

"Oh my, you sure know how to break the mood. Just when things were getting good, too."

"B-B-But, you have a call..."

“Persistent, aren’t you?”

“B-B-But, it’s the Great Overlord...”

“Great Overlord?”

That’s a surprise. I guess I don’t have much of a choice but to answer the phone.

“Come to the court at once.” That’s all he had to say.

Not sure what it’s about, but I’ll bet he wants to do a strategy evaluation or something over the battles we’ve just had.

Serious as usual. He could have just put it off until tomorrow since we’ve only just returned.

“He’d be angry if I showed up in my bathrobe, wouldn’t he?”

That old man really can’t take a joke. He really needs to

loosen up a bit.

(Well, there’s no point in showing up only to be scolded for my attire.)

It’s best for me to just hurry and get it over with, so that I can continue with my well-deserved drink.

With an exacerbated sigh, I head towards the Great Overlord’s castle.



“Ashmedia! You’re late!” yells my little cousin, Zeabolos, as he chases after me down the hallway that leads to the court.

“The Great Overlord is waiting. Hurry up!”

“Oh my, did you come to get me?”

“You left me with no choice, with how slow you are about these things.”

He’s blushing. So adorable!

“How flattering. Thank you ♪”

“I didn’t say anything to deserve your thanks.”

“Heh. There’s no harm in me thanking you. Mind you, I actually wanted to see you, little Zeabolos.”

“Me?”

“We didn’t have a chance to get together at all out there in battle. I’m relieved to see you’re fine and well.”

“Of course I’m fine. Who do you think I am?”

I love how cute he looks when he has that stern expression on his face, like he’s put on for me now. Unfortunately for little Zeabolos, I only want to tease him more when he shows me that expression.

“How long do you think it has been since I became an Overlord?”

“Well now, it feels like yesterday to me.”

My cute, little Zeabolos. Come to think of it, I wonder how many battles it has been since he first debuted on the battlefield.

“I never expected that small size of yours to fill the role of an Overlord, or that you would be fighting alongside me

in battle.”

“And yet, you still treat me like I was some kid.”

“Oh my, and you’re telling me that a kid would be able to annihilate a legion of angels?”

“That was possible only because of the warriors who were with me.”

He’s averting his eyes away from me. His shyness doesn’t match his looks.

“I heard you did well, too. Something about destroying a troupe that was trying to converge together in battle.”

“Heh heh, you heard right.”

“I wanted to take care of them, too.”

“Oh? Why’s that?”

“Judging from the situation then, defeating enemies that would converge together in battle is a strategy of great importance.”

“Well now, we’re getting a bit greedy here, no? Your unit took the spotlight by being at the center of battle, after all.”

“I don’t care about being in the spotlight,” My cute, little Zeabolos. replies, “I just want to be of help to my father and brother.”

Even I am able to notice the flames that were flickering deep within his eyes.

(Ah, the passion of youth...)

Even if my little Zeabolos is only second in line to the throne, he is still a rightful son of the Great Overlord. His future is set to become the right hand man to his brother Astaroth, when Astaroth takes the throne. Making a name for himself now and taking the spotlight would only

benefit his future.

Moreover, I can tell that his father, the Great Overlord, would also like for Zeabolos to build a reputation for himself in battle now. Having little Zeabolos lead the unit that engages at the crucial center of the action is a good call.

(Not to say that this predetermined setup escaped the notice of our cute little Zeabolos here.)

And I bet the thought of that irritated him.

(Really, so youthful, and so cute...)

I must have smirked a bit. Little Zeabolos has started glaring. I thought he was going to say a harsh word or two to me, but instead...

“By the way, about the promise...” he musters all of his strength as he speaks.

(Promise? I wonder what he’s talking about.)

I hold back my thoughts, and wait for him to finish speaking. I mean, I’m sure he’d get angry if he knew I forgot about something like this.

“I know we made the promise in the heat of the moment, but a promise is a promise. I lose.”

“Oh, is that so?”

“I have no regrets. During the court session, I will be sure to bring up what I promised—about having a grand victory reception.”

Oh, that’s what it was. Now I remember.

(If I remember correctly, we made a bet about who between the two of us would defeat the most enemies in battle.)

Of course, I was the one who suggested the bet.

At first, little Zeabolos was hesitant to bet about a serious matter like battle, but it was so easy to tease him into complying. Sure enough, not only did he consent to the bet, he even agreed to do anything for me if he lost. That's when I told him to hold a victory party if I win.

I thought maybe I could lose, just for him, but... I forgot. I can't seem to prevent my mind from going blank upon hearing the alluring cries of pain that inundate a battle. Too bad for me, and too bad for my little Zeabolos for always keeping his head during combat situations.

(He sure stays true to his word...)

Like father, like son. He really takes after the Great Overlord.

Now that I think about it, his wish for me to stop teasing him is a bit vague, don't you think?

If he isn't more specific about what he wants and doesn't

want, I'm just going to keep finding ways to abuse him to no end. Heh.

"I wonder how my little Zeabolos is going to ask his Great Overlord daddy for that sort of thing. I can't wait."

"Stop making it sound lewd," my cute, little Zeabolos cuts in, while wearing that stern expression of his.



My, my, it looks like little Zeabolos did some sweet-talking to get his request for a huge victory party granted.

I suppose the Great Overlord thought it was a good opportunity to celebrate his son's victory in a grand public affair. Despite being stringent about spending and budgets, I guess that old man doesn't think twice when it comes to his son.

I dressed myself up in a black cocktail dress nuanced with a bit of vivid pink. The party was well underway by the time I arrived at the great hall. I had a difficult time getting myself through the throngs of guests gathered there.

"I heard that the party today was set up by Lord Zeabolos," chirps a little bird from the flock. It's quite hard not to overhear all of this chirping.

"My, how unusual. I thought he didn't like having huge social events."

"Well, where is he? I'd like to greet him personally."

"Forget it. It's unrefined for a lady to approach a man."

"What's with that scary look? I'm sure Lord Zeabolos isn't the type to worry over such formalities."

Oh my. It seems as if these little birdies are actually raptors in disguise. I can't blame them, though, especially if they're eyeing the second-in-line to the Great Overlord's throne.

(I bet this is the type of "battle" my aunt would have wanted me to participate in.)

Pretty dresses, expensive jewelry, and shiny hair... Not so much as a single blemish in their entire ensemble.

(I should just undress myself right here.)

Wearing the pretty "armor" of these battling raptors when I have no intention of fighting their fight is meaningless.

(Odd for me to say this since I was the one who asked for it, but: this party is such a drag.)

Where is the dear prince hosting this party? The only way I can make this thing worth my while is by teasing my little Zeabolos in public. Speaking of which, if I'm going to strip anyway, I may as well do it in style so that little Zeabolos will.

"Excuse me, Lady Ashmedia?"

A man's voice calls my name while I'm deep in thought.

"And, who might you be?"

"Surely you jest. I was introduced to you by the Great Overlord himself."

"Oh, is that so? I'm sorry. I must have hit my head during battle, doing something more important than what I'm doing now."

I don't like where this was going, so I figured I'd tell him off subtly, but...

"There's no need to be humble. I have heard of your great achievements in battle."

He doesn't take a hint, does he?

"Many here have spoken of how strong, beautiful, and intelligent you are, milady."

I take that back. He's just stupid.

(What a nuisance.)

How I would love to shove Incu and Succu straight down his throat right about now. I'd then tear his tongue out, tie him down with it, and then torture him relentlessly until he turns into a lifeless, grey mass. Maybe he'd even give off a pleasing melody for me to enjoy.

(No... That's not enough...)

That still isn't satisfying. Where's the satisfaction in doing something within the realm of easy possibility?

(I love fighting.)

I don't care whether it's in the Heavens or at some social event like this...

I just want to be satisfied.

(This idiot isn't enough to satisfy my desire.)

I need something more exciting. Something hotter. I want more, more, more, more!

"...So I'm currently expanding my business across various markets, and..."

Oh my, he's been talking all this time? It doesn't seem to

bother him that I wasn't listening.

(I can't hold myself back any longer.)

It's about time for me to silence him. I need to hurry, or else I'm going to be the one turning into a lifeless, dull grey mass.

"That's quite some story. Oh, by the way, there is one thing I wanted to say to you, but would you mind listening?"

"Where are my manners? I was too engrossed in talking that I forgot to ask about you. Yes, please say what you will."

"Why, thank you. Now..."

Let me make this quick, so that he doesn't have a moment more to say anything else.

"I would very much appreciate it if you would stop



speaking to my endowments, dear sir.”

“What?!”

Well now, that made him stutter.

“Oh my, what seems to be the problem? Your face is going from pale blue to bright red.”

“H-How dare you! After deigning to treat a wench like you with some dignity, I...!”

“Oh? I’m surprised by how much your tone has changed despite me only saying the truth.”

“You insolent...!”

My, oh my... a true idiot. Apparently he doesn’t know the consequences of raising your hand against the Overlord of Lust, Ashmedia.

(Still, I suppose I can at least praise him for his foolhardiness.)

To reward him properly, how shall I do this? I could start by tearing his worthless tongue out of his flapping mouth. Then again, I want to hear his cry of pain, so I could start with gouging one of his eyes out, and—

“Stop!”

The loud voice is accompanied by the dull thud of a collision.

“Oh my, it’s little Zeabolos.”

My cute, little Zeabolos rushed in from nowhere to come in between me and the idiot, grabbing hold of the man’s swung arm.

“Y-You’re...!”

“I understand your anger, but could I ask you to forgive her lack of social grace, for my sake?”

“W-Why certainly, Lord Zeabolos.”

“Thank you. I will be sure to administer proper punishment to her for her lack of tact.”

After that exchange, little Zeabolos even bows his head. What more could that idiot ask for? He scuttles away with his tail between his legs, disappearing into the crowd.

“Not bad.”

I clap slowly, and little Zeabolos takes a deep breath, turning towards me. “There’s a time and place for that type of honesty, you know?”

“Oh, were you eavesdropping?”

“I would appreciate it if you were a bit more grateful.”

“Heh. But you were listening, weren’t you? I must admit, that was a very dashing way to rescue a damsel in distress.”

“I wasn’t trying to rescue you. I rescued him. You were thinking of doing... things to him, weren’t you?”

“That’s strange. I didn’t think my expression was any giveaway.”

“Never mind that. Just follow me.”

Little Zeabolos takes another deep breath, and offers his hand to me.

(What’s this? Is he trying to escort me?)

With a look of surprise, I raise my head and see his usual adorably stern face.

“I’m sure you’ll stay out of trouble if you’re with me.”

“Oh dear.” Does that mean you’re going to take me to a dimly lit place for some action?”

“Stop joking! If you’re here, at least pay your respects to the Great Overlord!”

Little Zeabolos presses his hand around my arm and leads me to the middle of the hall.

(I think this is the first time I’m getting a good look at his back.)

That small little kid that used to chase after me is now leading me, with his strong hand around my arm.

(I never expected a day like this to come.)

I’m noticing only now how everyone is staring at us. That idiot, and those chirping birds—they’re a part of that huge audience, made of everyone in the hall that watches us.

I sense curiosity, scorn, and envy. They’re scanning me from head to toe, trying to see beneath my skin, and drilling holes into me with their dreadful stares. I feel like I’m some beehive now.

(Mmm. I’m going to need to take a shower after this.)

I need to wash everything away. But if they’re going to make me feel like taking a shower, they should go a bit farther, and disgust me with more of their filth.

I need something more exciting. Something hotter. I want more, more, more, more!

(What is my destiny?)

Where is my one and only who will satisfy me? Someone who will show me power unimaginable and who will engulf me in heat so hot that I lose the strength to stand on my feet.

If I can face someone who I would gladly lose my sanity for, who overwhelms me with the heat of battle, I'm sure I'd experience ecstasy so intense that it would break my mind.

(That's what it means for me to be alive.)

I'm certain that my aunt couldn't understand my feelings. That's why I've decided to never answer her calls. I'm sorry.

"What's the matter, Ashmedia?" My little Zeabolos stops walking suddenly, and turns around to face me. "Your hand is a bit hot, but are you feeling all right?"

"Well, seeing how cool you were back there just made me a little excited, that's all."

"You really need to stop with your teasing."

"Maybe if you beat me next time."

"I'll win next time, for sure."

My little Zeabolos is wearing an expression of resolve.

(Looking good.)

He's far from bringing me the kick I need, but... I can feel my heart race with a sweet tingling, even if just a little.

(I wonder if you'll be my destiny that brings me what I really want.)

How would I know? Regardless, it's not my style to gripe about things that aren't going my way. I need to only enjoy life while I still can.

"Say, let's drop the formalities and dance, my little Zeabolos."

"What? Ah, but I—"

His lips curl as if he wants to say he doesn't know how to dance, but I gently place my finger onto those lips. "You just have to hold onto me. Let me lead the way, my dear, little Zeabolos ♪"

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